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WOBBLIES

By

William Lord Reed



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JUMBLES

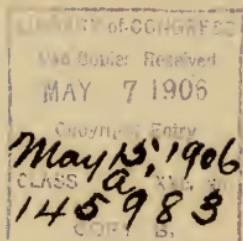
J U M B L E S

By

WILLIAM LORD REED

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PREAMBLE

THE majority of the verses in this volume appeared some years ago in the "Pittsburgh Dispatch" and are now reprinted and pushed on the long-suffering public by request.

They are dedicated to any one possessing patience to read them.

Respectfully,

THE AUTHOR

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“It is to smile.”

VIOLET BROWN.

VIOLET BROWN,
Of Taylorstown,
Was an ebony "beaut."
Of great renown
When she married a man
By the name of Black
(Whose mouth looked like
A funny crack),
An' her name was Vi-
O-let-Brown-Black.

But Black he died
One frosty night,
An' the next on the list
Was a dude named White—
A hot tamale
An' a shinin' light:
Then her name was Vi-
Let-Brown-Black-White.

Now, White fell in
The creek one day
An' the angels bore
His soul away;
Then she married the parson,
Whose name was Gray,
An' became Violet
Brown-Black-White-Gray.

But Gray soon left
For realms serene;
An' the last on the list
Was a coon called Green,
Which changed the name
Of this dusky queen
To Violet Brown-
Black-White-Gray-Green.

Now, sad to say,
Poor Green died, too,
An' the 'riginal Vi-
O-let grew blue,
Her husbands were
All laid below,
An' she's livin' now
In Yellow Row,
With fourteen kids
Of ev'ry kind,
Whose names would drive
You color blind.

There's Black kids there
Who are all brown;
An' a lot o' little Green
Kids runnin' 'roun',
With a lot o' little black
Kids who are White,
An' Green kids just
As black as night.

It's the funniest fam-
'Ly ever seen,
For all of them
Are slightly "green,"
Tho' off an' on
They all get blue,
The 'riginal shades
Are still there, too—
They're all fast colors,
Every one,
An' yet ain't warranted
Not to run.

Now all these imps
Got fightin' like sin,
An' the "Yellow Kid"
Next door joined in;
An' you'd thought that you
Were full of dope
If you'd seen that human
Kaleidoscope.

For the Gray beat the Green
Kids black an' blue,
An' the White and the Black
Were bunged up, too;
The Yellow Kid blacked
A Gray kid's eye.
I laughed till I thought
That I would die.

For the Yellow Kid now
Was a purple hue,
An' to make things worse
Vi'let ran in, too.
All their noses
Were runnin' red,
An' a Gray punched a Green
Kid's little black head.

Red, green, gray,
Black, white, yellow, blue,
All mixed in a bunch,
An' I'm mixed, too.
So if you guess
What I'm writin' about,
Telephone the answer,
For my pipe's gone out.

GROWN-UP FOLKS.

GROWN-UP folks, it seems to me,
Don't know nuffin'.
'Er's lots of fings 'at 'ey could do
'At's lots of fun for me an' you
An' fings at 'ey are 'lowed to, too—
But 'ey don't.
Wisht I wuz a man;
I'd show 'em.

Grown-up folks kin al'ays do
Jes as 'ey please—
'Ey could sled-ride when it snows,
Make mud pies in 'er Sunday clothes,
'Er do mos' anyfing, I suppose—
But 'ey don't.
Wisht I wuz a man;
I'd show 'em.

Grown-up folks don' have any
Fun at all.
'Ey could play at hide-an'-seek,
'Er go swimmin' in the creek,
An' stay in, I guess, a week—
But 'ey don't.
Wisht I wuz a man;
I'd show 'em.

Grown-up folks don' have to do
Any 'fing;
Shoes 'ey doesn't have to wear,
'Bout washin' 'er face don't have to care,
An' never have to brush 'er hair—
But 'ey do.
Wisht I wuz a man;
I'd show 'em.

VICE VERSA.

THE ghoulish kissing-bug glided up
with a shiny, crawly creep,
And its cruel eye did my features
spy
As I swung in the hammock, asleep.

A sinister smile lit its fiendish face
As my cherry-red mouth it spied;
'Twas a terrible slip when it kissed my
lip,
For the bug swelled up and died.

SILAS SIMPKINS' SLEIGH.

THE snow 'ad been a slidin' down
From early dawn 'till night;
An' the earth was softly sleepin'
'Neath a downy quilt of white.
An' as you couldn't tell how long
That snow was goin' to stay,
I 'lowed 'at I'd take Mandy out
In Silas Simkins' sleigh.

Now, Silas Simkins had a sleigh
'At he had bought in town,
'At put into the shader
All the sleds fer miles aroun';
A regular swell cutter—
An' he'd promised, don't you see,
'At when the first snow got here
He 'ud lend the thing to me.

So I rode down to Silas's,
An' Silas he said "Yes"—
I got her out an' in the shafts
I harnessed up old Bess,
Then drove over an' asked Mandy
If she'd like to take a ride;
An' soon was slidin' cross the snow
With Mandy at my side.

You see, there was a little thing
I'd tried fer many a day
To get nerve to tell to Mandy;
An' I thought that in a sleigh
I could kind o' get my courage up
To offer the suggestion
'At we ride together on thro' life—
In fact, to pop the question.

I drove for hours an' hours,
Into regions most remote,
Tryin' jes' to swallow down
The lump within my throat;
An' it seemed to me we'd covered
'Bout a thousand miles o' ground,
When Mandy said as how she guessed
We'd better turn around.

I don' know how it happened,
But in some peculiar way
My arm got sort o' stretched along
The back o' that there sleigh,
An' Mandy said she 'lowed the wind
Was gettin' kind o' colder.
Then my arm it slipped 'round Mandy
and
Her head was on my shoulder.

There was nothin' there but silence
After that between oursel'ees,
An' my thoughts they seemed to mingle
With the jingle o' the bells.
I got to sort o' dreamin' of
A lot o' things when—douse!
We was both dumped in a snowdrift
'Bout two miles apast the house.

Well, durn it! there my pipe's gone out—
But down the stairs there comes
The sweet strains of a lullaby
'At Mandy softly hums
To a bloomin' bunch o' baby
'At arrived the other day—
A kind o' "in memoriam"
O' Silas Simkins' sleigh.

CRISS-CROSS.

THE football team I sing about
Once tried a foxy trick.
They practiced it until they
thought
That they could do it "slick."
But when they tried it on, alas!
It near broke up the game—
And everybody seemed to think
The right half was to blame.

The left half back received the ball
Then ran toward the right
Half back, to whom he passed it,
And he did it out o' sight;
But the right half back was wrong—
Just as a hole was cleft
He lost his interference and
The right half back was left.

The wrong right half back, who was
left,
Then tried to start a fight,
But the full back wouldn't have it,
For the left half back was right —
The left wrong right back left the field,
And right back home did pull,
Then told the folks they lost because
The quarter back was full.

HAD I BUT KNOWN.

“HAD I but known.” They’re but
four little words,
And yet how oft we find
these words to be
The knell of many a grand ambition
lost,
The anguished cry of fallen misery;
From the chaos of despair we hear the
moan—
“Had I but known! Had I but
known!”

The happy boy, without a thought or
care,
His footsteps guided by a mother’s
love,
Of whose self-sacrifice he little knows
Until, when She’s been called to
realms above,
He murmurs, as he treads life’s way
alone—
“Had I but known! Had I but
known!”

And hoary age, with faltering step and
head,
Bent low beneath the cruel hand of
time—
He’s made a failure of a human life
His God created to be made sublime;
Tottering to the grave we hear him
groan—
“Had I but known! Had I but
known!”

L'ENVOI.

For the twenty-second time this has
come back,
Hereafter I’ll let editors alone.
I might have saved two dollars’ worth
of stamps—
Had I but known! Had I but known!

WILLIAMS.

WILLIAM is a name that's given
Boy babies far and near,
When screaming at the christening,
They're held by mothers dear;
But you will find in after life,
If Williams you should scan,
The name abbreviated and
The mirror of the man.

Perhaps you'll find a "William"
Quiet, dignified, sedate,
Who'll look at you in a calm, sweet way,
And your errors demonstrate.
He treads unharmed life's primrose path,
Nor looks for pleasure till
He reaches heaven and you'll find
He's generally called—"Will."

But here's another "William,"
Who takes life as a joke.
He's not too bad and not too good,
And 'most generally always broke.
Light-hearted, careless, happy,
Whether paths are smooth or hilly,
And as thro' life he floats along
The whole world calls him—"Billy."

And here we have a "William";
A sturdy man and true,
With a ready hand to help a friend
And a ready will to do,
Rough-handed but warm-hearted;
A man whose voice would still
The passions of a frenzied mob,
And his comrades call him—"Bill."

Last, also least, of "Williams"
Is the chap with the silken lid,
Whose legs look like the running gears
Of the talkative katy-did,
With collar high and red necktie
He walks and talks like a "gilly,"
With a lemon pie I could soak the guy
Who goes by the name of—"Willie."

THE BOHEMIAN'S PLAINT.

“I F I should die to-night”
And in my clothes
Should be the goodly sum of
Thirty cents,
Left lying there
Unspent,
In sweet repose.
I say!
If I should die to-night
And leave
Behind me in these cold,
Prosaic pants,
The price of six large beers
On draught,
Unquafft
By me and destined
To remain
Forever on the outside of
My frame.
If I should die,
And from the great beyond
Look back and see
That thirty cents ta'en
And spent foolishly
For bread,
Or clothes,
Or some such empty thing;
And those six beers—
Long destined to be bought
By me—
Now spilled
Down other throats,
Their destiny
Unfilled.
I say!
If I should die to-night
And go
From Here to There
(Or where
It doesn't snow)—
And, looking back from there
To here
Behold
Those six large beers,
So large, and oh!—
So cold,
Go coursing down the throats
Of other
Men—
'Twould be so sad,
For I would need them—
Then.

HUCKLEBERRY PIE.

(Courtesy of "What to Eat.")

SINCE we struck oil in Squabtown
We've been about a few,
An' livin' kind o' high, but I
'Ll say right here to you,
'At these new-fangled dishes 'at
Ther swell 'otels ez got
Somehow don't seem to me to jes'
Exactly hit ther spot.

Now this yere bill o' fare's, I guess,
Considered purty fine—
With cav-e-air an' pom-de-tare
An' fancy kinds o' wine—
But 'long about this time o' year,
Ye know, I kind o' sigh
Fer jes' a good old-fashioned slab
O' huckleberry pie.

Ye don't keer much about it?
Well, I guess you never ate
Ther kind o' pie 'at mother made
Before we left the state
O' comfortable poverty fer
All this bloomin' wealth,
An' started to get come-il-faut
An' undermine our health.

It didn't come in little strips—
But great, big, juicy slices—
An' many of 'em as ye pleased,
With no regard to prices.
It come about two inches thick—
An' crust— gee whiz! but my
Mouth's waterin' fer a piece o' mother's
Huckleberry pie.

Jes' like the clover use' to smell's
The way it use' to taste —
Seems as I kin feel it now
A-meltin' in my face—
Talk about yer flyin' wedges!
Fill me up an' let me die
Jes' full o' large, black, juicy chunks
O' huckleberry pie.

SINCE BABY CAME.

SINCE baby came, all cuddled in a
heap
Of swaddling clothes, and I took
my first peep,
The flowers have taken on a brighter
hue;
The sky, somehow, has been a bluer
blue,
And birds a chant triumphant seem to
keep.

From out the bottom of my heart, so
deep,
Tumultuous joy doth ever upward leap
Each time I hear a softly murmured
"Goo"—
Since baby came.

But tho' a papa's pleasures I now reap,
And bachelors' blighted prospects make
me weep,
There's just one thing I will admit to
you—
(Remember that it's strictly "entre
nous")—
I've only had about two hours' sleep
Since baby came.

LE ROI EST MORT! VIVE LE ROI!

"**M**Y house is my castle," I used to
sing,
And there I royally reigned
In supreme command of everything,
A regular regal kind of king—
Unbridled and unrestrained.

My castle and kingdom are lost to me—
My crown's on another's head;
And I, perforce, must bend the knee
In servitude to the "powers that be,"
To the tyrant who rules instead.

Sans crown, sans scepter, I softly sing,
And naught can my peace annoy;
Though I don't amount to "any old
thing,"
I, smiling, salaam to His Nobs, the
King—
A twelve-pound baby boy.

SONG OF THE SURGICAL WARD.

(By a Victim.)

SO the clinic room they run you on
a stretcher,
And they lay you on a lovely
marble slab;
They waft you to the dopey land of no-
where,
Then your manly form begin to cut
and jab.

They carve your lovely carcass with a
scalpel,
They slit you down the spinal with a
lance,
While they softly sing this merry little
chorus,
The pleasure of the nurses to en-
hance:

"Oh, Blood! Blood! Blood!
Red and juicy and raw;
Blood! Blood! Blood!
As we carve and slash and saw.
For you're only a bloomin' patient,
And your name is simply Mud;
Oh! it's ho! for the life
Of the scalpel and knife
And Blood! Blood! Blood!"

WEARY WILLIE.

IN the morning I hate to get up
And get all dressed, for then
I have to eat my meals an' just
Go back to bed again.

IN THE PARK.

STANDING here amid the beauties,
Spread by Nature's bounteous
hand,
Under the blue arch of heaven,
I can feel my soul expand;
Though in rags, I'm yet a monarch—
Monarch of all I survey—
Summer, robed in verdant raiment,
Doth her annual homage pay.
Here I'm brought to earth, alas,
By—"Come, move on! Git off der
grass!"

"OUT BEHIND THE MOON."

(To the Boys of Indiana.)

SINCE poets have long of Arcady
sung,
Where blossoms the asphodel,
And have let their Pegasus wander free
Thro' Elysian field and dell;
Why shouldn't I, an embryo bard,
Warble in ecstacy here
Of the nearest place to Eden
I've found on this bleak old sphere.
A Sylvan spot where care's forgot
And laughter and life are atune,
Where sorrow is drowned in the clink
 passed round—
Out behind the moon.

Deep in the depths of a mighty wood,
By the banks of a rippling stream,
In the heart of God's own country
Where the world seems a turbulent
 dream,
Gathered 'round the fountain of life,
Draining from joy the dregs,
Satyrs in their shirt sleeves sit
Drinking dew drops from beer kegs.
Where the frog sings low his "Kunk-
 Chlunk"
And the tree toads softly croon,
Where the booze-tree grows by the brier
 rose—
Out behind the moon.

AN "O" ODE.

(At Night.)

It's O for the wine
 While it sparkles—
It's O for a "bot"
 And a bird—
It's O for a hack
 Or a hansom—
For "laughter and song"
 Is the word.

(The Next Morning.)

It's owe for the wine
 That's a mem'ry—
It's owe for the bird
 And the "bot";
It's owe for the carriage
 And owe for it all—
And, oh! what a head
 We have got.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

“**T**IS hard to be poor,” sighed the artist,
“Ah! 'tis hard to be poor,” sighed he.
“That's all right,” said his sketch pad,
“If you're busted, old man, *draw* on me.”

THE MILKY WAY.

HEY didle didle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon”—
Is an ancient rhyme
Of ye olden time
With our nursery days atune.

But explain, if you can,
To an ignorant man,
And answer a question, pray,
That's got me humped —
When that old cow jumped
Did she jump in the *milky-way*?

WHEN BESSIE DYED.

(With Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)

WHEN Bessie died—
They braided the brown hair,
and tied
It back—they drew the blinds aside and
cried—

When Bessie died.
But we—

When Bessie dyed
We gazed at the blonde hair, and tried
To notice nothing and to hide
Our feelings. But we turned aside
Our faces from the light, and cried,
“Oh, peroxide”—
When Bessie dyed.

THE LOST CHORD.

THE house seems lonely and empty;
Seems ever so strangely still;
In our hearts there's a void that
is aching—
A void that no voice can fill.

The whispered word that is spoken
Seems only the ghost of a sound,
For which we are each of us yearning,
With only the silence around.

From our lives all the music's departed,
All harmony's gone since the day
The installment collector called on us
And took the piano away.

PERPLEXING.

WHEN the little bill collector
Chaseth up his little bill,
If I only happen to be out
I'm in my money still.

But if I happen to be in
When he appears about,
I have to loosen up and pay
The money—so I'm out.

So now my trolley's twisted,
For you see, beyond a doubt,
If I happen to be out—I'm in,
And if I'm in—I'm out.

“PORK AND —”

YER can't gi' me no con about yer layouts “alley cart,”
Fer when it comes to feedin', why de grub dat plays de part
Wid me is plain old “pork and beans,” a comin' quick an' hot—
I tell ye, cull, dat certainly's de stuff dat hits de spot.
Jes' drift into a hash-house where de don't tro' on no lugs—
Der ain't nobody barred at all but busted bums and bugs—
Get up on a stool an' tell de gent dat runs de place
“If he'll chase along some pork and beans ye think ye'll feed your face.”
Den he'll holler in de lingo dat de cook 'll understand
Yer order trou' de wall-hole—and it's jes—“pork and—”

De bring it to you all piled up, a regular dopey dome,
An' ye smear it all wid ketchup 'at at 'ud make you leave yer home.
Ye can eat it any way ye want—de best way's wid a knife,
So's ye kin chuck it quicker, an' say, cull, on your life,
I ain't jes' a-chinnin'; and if ye need a meal
Why stick to pork and beans an' get a pat hand every deal.
An' if ye find ye're broke and got a loidy on yer staff,
Jes' fill her up on beans—why, cull, ye certainly 'ud laugh
To hear me Lizzy whisper—“Say, mebe dis ain't grand!”—
When de guy dat pushes pies jes' hollers out—“pork and—”

HIS FINISH.

HE was a fiery Frenchman,
With an awful thirst for gore;
Of those horrible French duels
He had fought at least a score.
He had started revolutions,
'Til he found the sport grew tame;
But he fainted dead away the day
He saw a football game.

A RONDEAU.

JES' lyin' here, with nothin' else to do
But watch the clouds a slidin'
'cross the blue
Soft sky o' summer, what's the use o'
June,
When everything in nature seems
atune?
'Cept to be here an' day dream fancies
woo.

'Crost the meadows comes the dove's
soft coo,
The sweet scent o' the clover's driftin'
through
The daisies, as I doze from morn 'til
noon
Jes' lyin' here.

As summer poetry that, I hope, will do;
It's zero weather and the snow drifts
through
My attic window; but it's none too
soon
On magazines to spring your poems
of June.
So for the shekels I am (sad but true)
Jes' lyin' here.

HOW'RE THEY COMIN' WITH YOU?

I STARTED 'round, the other day,
To satisfy myself
How fast the general public
Was accumulating wealth.
Each individual I met
I interviewed, you see,
And now I'll try and tell to you
What some of them told to me.

A shoemaker said he was "pegging
away,"
A lawyer was "lying low,"
A doctor was making his money
"Dead easy"—he told me so.
A butcher managed to "make ends
meat,"
The iceman had "struck a frost,"
A plumber I met was "hitting the pipe"—
Poor fellow, I guess he's lost.

A pickpocket was "taking things easy,"
While a baker was "loafing all day";
A grocer told me in confidence,
"Things were going his weigh."
A dentist was "living from hand to
mouth,"
And here, just to make a rhyme,
I'll have to ring in the jeweler,
Who was working "over time."

A burglar said "things were picking up,"
But he had to work at night;
And even a poor blind beggar said
He was "doing out o' sight."
An ossified man was having
An awful "hard time," he said,
While an undertaker told me
He was "doing quite well—on the
dead."

A prima donna, who warbles,
Said "life went by like a song";
But a little soubrette I casually met
Was "barely getting along."
An oil producer told me
He "managed to get a long well,"
While a Hebrew merchant mentioned
He had "clothing to burn or sell."

I asked a spiritualist how things were,
"Just medium," he replied;
A barber said he was "scraping along,"
And then curled up and died.
A furrier "ran a skin game,"
A jockey was "on the go,"
But it turned my head when a dress-
maker said
She was doing "sew and sew."

A GOSSIP'S EPITAPH.

SHE talked of her neighbors,
She talked of her friends,
She talked of their "doings";
Predicted their ends.

And now that she's dead
I'm perplexed, I avow,
As to just who in Hades
She talks about now.

RETROSPECTION.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
De house where I wuz born,
Where, on de quiet my father
Distilled moonshine from de corn.
I wuz in childish ignorance
And now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm furder off from heaven
Dan when I wuz a boy.

BUT I'M NOT.

If I were a poet with burning thoughts
To spring on the public in gilt-
bound lots,
I'd warble a strain whose strident
tones
Would ring from the Torrid and
Frigid zones—
Kipling would look like last year's
snow
And Markham resemble the man with
the hoe.
I'd only write when the spirit steals
O'er me and not for the price of my
meals—
Oh! the world would be an Arcadian
spot
If I were a poet, you know—
But I'm not.

If I were a Croesus with bonds and
stocks
And country places and brown-stone
blocks,
I'd drive fast horses and own a yacht
And give away organs and gawd
knows what—
I'd smoke cigars at a dollar per
And hire a valet to call me "Sir"—
I'd drink champagne with every meal
And rumble around in an automo-
bile—
Oh! I'd be a sport who was right on the
spot—
If I were a Croesus, you know—
But I'm not.

If I were anything you can see
What a marked improvement the change
would be.
If I were a doctor—even a "horse"—
I'd get my meals as a matter of
course—
If I were the ice man or just a "judge,"
Or a ladies' tailor, perhaps—"oh fudge!"
Or only a plain bank president,
'Twould remove my worry about the
rent—
Yes, 'twould be a most excellent change,
I wat,
If I were any old thing—
But I'm not.

If I were worrying, you perceive,
My life would be a continual grieve;
But too many troubles I've already
got
To worry about the things I am not,
For worry you'll find a most excellent
salve
If you're not what you want is to want
what you have
You're lucky or you would have long
ago died—
If you'd like to be happy be just sat-
isfied—
For mine would indeed be a horrible lot
If I were worrying—See?—
But I'm not.

'S LOVE.

LOVE? Ye got me guessin' now
Can't explain the "why" nor
"how"—
Kind o' puzzlin', I allow
's love.

Figure out a lot o' truck
'Bout a fortune—fortune's luck—
Find you're kind o' daffy struck—
's love.

Git your ideas o' the girl
'S to be your priceless pearl—
Find you're bloomin' head's a-whirl—
's love.

Jes' a girl—don't matter who,
Jes' so she's the girl for you
And your figurin' is though—
's love.

Jes' a girl and jes' a way
'At she's got an' it's all day
With everything—you'll only say—
" 's love."

Love— Well now, I can't jes' size it
Up—don't worry, you'll get wise, it
Won't git by—you'll recognize it—
's love.

IF.

OH wouldn't the world be a jolly old place
If nobody needed food—
If nobody had any use for clothes
Yet nobody ever was nude?

If nobody ever had to get up
At the dawn of the morning light—
If nobody ever went to bed
Because nobody slept at night?

If nobody ever had worries or cares
And nobody ever was sad—
If nobody ever was too dashed good
And nobody ever was bad?

If nobody talked about other's affairs
Because nobody cared a curse—
If nobody ever got sick again
And nobody ever got worse?

If nobody knew the way to read
And nobody tried to write—
If nobody ever drank water,
Yet nobody ever got tight?

If nobody needed money
Nor had to work and sigh—
If we all had nothing to do but live—
And nobody had to die?

MARY'S LAMB.

MARY had a little lamb,
He was her little beau,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb put up the dough.

He followed up a little tip,
To Wall street he did roam;
'Twas there they fleeced this little lamb—
Now Mary stays at home.

WILLIE'S RUBAIYAT.

“I DON’T know what the trouble is,”
I often tried to guess;
I Somehow I never seem to ’zactly
Fit in with the rest.
There’s al’ays one left over,
An’ I could never see
How it happens ’at the one’s
Most generally al’ays me.

When company’d come to supper,
W’y ’en Ma ’ud kind ’o sigh
An’ say, “Now, Willie, dear, you
Never did care much for pie,
An’, as it won’t go all way ’round,
Eat lots o’ bread and jam,
Nen, when it comes your turn for pie
Jes’ say, “No, thank you, ma’am.”

An’ nen at school it al’ays seemed
’At trouble came my way;
The teacher he ’ud jump on me
For nuthin’ every day.
An’ he’d get mad an’ call me dunce
An’ a blockheaded fool,
Nen usually he’d keep me in
An’ lick me after school.

Nen one afternoon he said
He knew I understood
As how he couldn’t whip the girls,
Tho’ it ’ud do ’em good;
'At they made him so ravin’ mad
’At he ’ud have a fit
'Less he worked it off on some one,
An—I was used to it.

An’ when Thanksgivin’ comes around,
An’ all our kith an’ kin
Have a family reunion an’
Stuff pie an’ turkey in
'Emselves until they almos’ bust,
There’s room fer all but one,
'En father he says “William won’t
Mind waitin’ ’til we’re done.”

I guess if I ’ud die an’ go
To heaven right away,
St. Peter ’d peep out thro’ the gate
An’ see it’s me ’en say—
“I’m awful sorry, Willie, we’re
So crowded, but I know
You won’t mind waitin’ round outside
Fer a thousand years or so.”

I guess 'at I 'uz born too soon,
Or else not soon enough,
Fer somehow I don't seem to fit,
An' you can bet it's tough;
So I'm goin' to join a circus
Or be a soldier an' get hit,
Fer I'm tired o' playin' in a game
An' al'ays bein' "it."

"LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE."

A BUNCH of islands in an ocean
grew—
Listen to our tale of woe;
A bunch of islands of yellow hue,
Owned by Spain and over-due
They grew,
'Tis true—
Listen to our tale of woe.

As Dewey was sailing the ocean
through—
Listen to our tale of woe;
He spied those islands of yellow hue,
For Uncle Samuel he grabbed a few,
The few
In view—
Listen to our tale of woe.

Now Uncle Sam to the game was new—
Listen to our tale of woe;
He bit off the bunch and swallowed the
chew
And then the trouble began to brew—
Too true!
Boo hoo!
Listen to our tale of woe.

'Tis a trouble you doctors can't subdue—
Listen to our tale of woe—
So, Uncle, let us prescribe for you;
Take an emetic and you'll pull through—
That's true!
So do!
Listen to our tale of woe.

THE BLUFF.

THE boy stood on a little pair—
Stood pat. When all had fled
He pocketed the pot and quit—
Just twenty plunks ahead.

THE MARRIED MAN'S OPINION.

WHEN it comes to female furnishing — frocks — furbelows and such — You'll find no one upon this transient orb knows half as much As to what looks best and prettiest upon a woman than The poor down-trodden, over-ridden, sat-on married man.

He doesn't care for "gew-gaws"— "they're so vulgar, don't you know"— "Look just like a Christmas tree," or "you're a holy show"— He certainly is strenuous about the quiet and chaste— As for diamonds? You know diamonds show excruciating taste.

And when it comes to gowns? He knows what looks the best— The worst—the worst, of course, is "looking over-dressed"— To one old worn-out, passed-around, worm-eaten gag he clings— "You know, dear, you look sweetest in those simple little things."

And hats? Well, that's so easy it's a shame to ring it in— "The profit made by milliners is certainly a sin"— No "Parisian creations" ever worn by dames of wealth Can be compared a minute with the ones she makes herself.

At last, to cap the climax most sincerely he'll declare He never notices at all what other women wear— And he wouldn't, either, you can bet your bloomin' life— If other women dressed the way he'd like to dress his wife.

“My Ladye Faire”

A PICNIC POEMLET.

(Courtesy of "What to Eat.")

I have dined at Del's and Sherry's and
at many a table d'hote—
In French "cafes" and Chinese
"joints" I've tantalized my
throat—
I have dallied with a bird petite and
cracked a bottle cold—
Run the gamut from "Martini's" to the
Brie bedecked with mould;
But the daintiest repast I've ever stowed
away within
Were some large and luscious olives
off a

Long
Hat
Pin.

Gather round, ye sated gourmands, with
the jaded appetites—
I'll disclose to you the cream of gastro-
nomical delights;
Try it and you'll all declare it simply is
immense,
And your wildest epicurean dreams will
look like "thirty cents;"
Just get a dainty maiden, with a dimple
in her chin,
To sit and feed you olives off a

Long
Hat
Pin.

Perhaps you don't like olives?—I don't
either—never mind,
Just try my little process and I'll guar-
antee you'll find
A sweet, salubrious feeling to your
thought-dome swiftly mounts,
And the girl that does the feeding is the
only thing that counts;
Oh! that I might drift to Dreamland
from this sordid world of sin,
While "my baby" feeds me olives off a

Long
Hat
Pin.

THE WORLD AND A WOMAN.

HOW alike are the world and a woman—
If a man but comprehends—
The poles of the world are in mystery
furled,
And so are a woman's ends.

The world thro' the universe circles
In its flight on its orbit true;
A woman calls 'round in her "circle,"
And is more or less *flighty*, too.

A man gives his all for a woman,
And her lip's in derision curled—
The world gives but shabby treatment
When a man gives up all for the
world.

But the man who laughs at its trials
Will never have lived in vain—
And a woman will shower her favors
Where treated with most disdain.

The world is a cruel master,
While a woman's a tyrant, too—
Yet both are supreme in their beauty
When the skies and the eyes are blue.

The world awakes in its glory
When the sun thro' the gloom ap-
pears—
A woman's sublime in her sorrow,
Who can smile on the world thro'
tears.

Yes, to me the world and a woman
Will ever synonymous be—
For my world's in the eyes of a woman,
And a woman's the world to me.

A WISH.

OH! for a tiny barque
Upon an ocean blue;
This, cold, prosaic world behind—
Alone, sweetheart, with you
Upon a sea of happiness—
Without a thought but love,
The waters grand on either hand,
The star-strewn sky above;
With Cupid for our helmsman
We'd sail away together,
You and I, and Love, fond heart,
Forever and forever.

A TOAST.

HERE'S to the girl with midnight
eyes
And hair of raven hue!
To the girl with the quivering lash and
lips
And eyes of deep, deep blue!

Here's to the girl divinely fair;
To the girl so "Queenly tall!"
Here's to the girl with Titian hair—
But here's to the dearest of all—
To the girl of girls! the girl who shines
O'er my soul like the sun above;
Come, drink with me all!—
The best girl in the world—
The girl that loves me—that I love!

TILLY'S HAIR.

TILLY'S hair bewilders me
With its tints of gleaming gold
Banked up in a glorious mass—
Back and front and fold on fold.

Just why it bewilders me
I don't suppose you really care;
But how much of it's "rats" and things,
And how much of it's—*Tilly's hair?*

AND HE DIDN'T.

SHY and blushing maiden—
Sprig of mistletoe.
He caught her right beneath it;
Course she didn't know.
But when he went to kiss her
She angrily cried "Don't!
Stop, sir!"—and he acquiesced
And promptly said, "I won't."

SILENCE GIVES CONSENT.

HE asked her what she'd do
If he stole a kiss,
Sub rosa.
She answered not—so he purloined
A bunch of them—
Sub nosa.

A MEMORY I REMEMBER.

TOGETHER we sat on the seat
where we sat,
As we sat on the winding stair;
And lovingly held in our hands the
hands
Our hands were holding there.
While I looked in her eyes with a look
that looked
In the look she looked in mine,
And the feeling we felt was a feeling
you've felt,
And perhaps divine was divine.

A silent stillness silently stole
O'er our soulfully silent souls,
And her slim waist there on the wind-
ing stair
My winding arm enfolds.
She breathed her breath in a breathless
breathe,
And sighed a sigh on the side,
While o'er my being glidingly glided
A most beatific glide.

She snuggled up to me snugger
Than she'd ever snuggled before;
And a wonderful wonder wandered
My wandering sense o'er—
To think that I, myself—that's me—
Ego, we us and Co.
Had won the one love of this lovely
girl,
Who lovingly loved me so.

And sitting there on the seat where we
sat,
We might have been sitting yet,
Yet we aren't, and the cause is just be-
cause
We were just sitting out the set.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD.

WHEN love is dead this world
will be a dark and dreary
place;
When love is dead we'll seldom see a
smile on human face.
Sunshine then will never fall across
life's weary way—
While musing thus a voice I hear and
some one seems to say;
"When love is dead—ah, mortal, know
That what you dread will ne'er be so;
Tho' tears are shed, yet do not sigh—
For love, true love, can never die."

WANTED—A WIFE.

I 'M looking for a maiden,
She must be slim, petite,
With wee, aristocratic hands
And dainty little feet.

A brow like alabaster—crowned
With hair of reddish gold,
A figure—just a little plump—
About on Phryne's mold.

Her eyes must be that liquid brown
The poets rave about—
Her mouth a dainty rosebud
That's ne'er been known to pout.

Her nose—a little, classic one,
And eyebrows black as night—
Her neck like chiseled ivory,
Her shoulders snowy white.

She must be bright and witty and
With every grace endowed.
Her disposition must be sweet
And not the least bit proud.

And then, as poets sometimes eat—
I must insist, I fear,
That she have—in her own name, too—
Ten thousand plunks a year.

Now, gentle reader, if you fill
The bill—don't hesitate
To ship yourself at once to me—
"Yours truly" pays the freight.

GOLF—AS SUSIE PLAYS IT.

I DINNA ken so very much about the
game of golf—
And, what is more, I ken I dinna
care;
For the difference 'twixt a "stymie"
and a "foozle" or a "cleek"
Is a problem that I can't get thro' my
hair.

Yet, 'round the links I wander in a
dreamy sort of way,
And each time She swings her "brassy"
I applaud,
For I know no joy that's keener nor
sensation that's serener
Than simply watching Susie soak the
sod.

MARJORIE MINE.

MARJORIE MINE"—
I am sitting to-night
'Neath the summer moon's soft
glow,
Living again in Dreamland, love,
An evening of long ago,
When we sat in the deepening twilight
And I laid my all at your shrine—
You whispered "Yes," a tender caress;
Then I named you Marjorie Mine.

Oh! the years have been long and
weary, love,
Since that night in the dim Faraway,
And Time has bended me low, Sweet-
heart,
And sprinkled my hair with gray;
I am nearing the end of the journey
now;
But, through all, I have always been
thine,
And you, tho' you left me alone, long
ago,
Have always been
"Marjorie Mine."

FAIREST FLOWERS.

(A Commencement Ode.)

THE fairest flowers in the world!
Do'st know them, reader mine?
Can'st tell the fairest blossoms
That this bleak old world intwine?
Roses, did you say? Nay! Nay!
The pansy's knowing face?
Beautiful chrysanthemums,
That swing with stately grace?
The dainty daisy, turning
Its face toward the sun?
Sweetly scented violets?—
The list is but begun.
But no! though all are passing fair,
'Tis not of these I sing;
Nor of arbutus—flow'rets
That among the mosses cling;
Nor yet the tiger lily, as
Its Titian wealth unfurls—
But of the fairest flowers of all—
A bunch of *college girls*.

LOVE.

WHAT is love? Now, that's the question
Disarranges the digestion
Of about a million mortals, more or less.
They know all about astronomy,
Political economy,
But when they tackle Love—they've got
to guess.

Now of love I've made a study,
And I challenge everybody
Who about it think they know a thing
or two.
To start their brains a twirling
And their wisdom wheels a whirling,
Then get up and try to tell me some-
thing new.

Love is not a little boy—
Nor an everlasting joy,
Nor like anything on earth or heaven
above—
It's a queer, fantastic feeling
O'er your system softly stealing,
And you blame it on your liver—but it's
love.

Just because a maiden fair
Lays her head of Titian hair,
With a gentle sigh, upon your manly
heart.
You suddenly grow spooney,
Also just a trifle looney,
And swear that from her side you'll
never part.

Then you nestle up together,
And you softly ask her whether
She's "oor 'ittle 'ucky ducky," don't
you know—
An' you never hear her pop
'Till on you he's got the drop,
And out into the street you quickly go.

You are picked up in a trance,
Taken in an ambulance,
And in place your broken bones the doc-
tors shove,
With a face that's badly battered,
And a collar bone that's shattered
You can bet your bottom dollar that is
love—
You can bet your bottom dollar
That is love.

IF I SHOULD DIE.

"If I should die to-night" and deep,
so deep
Beneath the cold, gray sod be laid
to sleep,
Perhaps when I became as earth to
earth
Some few might wake to recognize
my worth,
Or might recall some kindly act—and
weep—
If I should die?

If I should die?

But tho' hot tears were shed and flowers
strewn 'round
My waxen face and heaped upon my
mound;
Tho' the wide world should ring with
long acclaim,
Sounding post-mortem glory 'round
my name,
I'd lie unheeding there within the
ground—
If I should die?

If I should die?

But if, fond heart, beneath the starlit
skies,
You came and knelt beside the grave
where lies
My poor, cold corpse, and on it drop-
ped a tear,
'Twould quicken into life the mould-
'ring clay
And I should wake to find my Par-
adise—

If I should die?

PERSISTENCE.

JUST a score of faded letters,
Breathing tender words and
true—
But what memories they awaken
As once more I read them through:
There was Gladys, little darling,
Dainty Sue, Louise, sedate—
Penelope, who seemed so shy—
Margo, Ann and lovely Kate;
They're all married now, and I—
Well—

I'm looking out for Number Eight.

WHERE HE DID IT.

DEAR little Dora,
Dimpled and fair,
Under the mistletoe,
Standing there.

No one was near,
No one could see—
In a moment he grasped the op-
Portunity.

Under the mistletoe,
Under the rose—
Under the mistletoe,
Under the nose.

BREAK, BREAK—BROKE!

“**B**REAK, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones,
O sea,”
As I sit on the beach with the
lovely girl
Who has promised to marry me.
* * * * *

Two happy weeks together—
What a future of bliss we planned—
Then she went home and I realized
The “touch” of that vanished hand.

Broke, broke, broke,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea,
And the beautiful “roll” I had when I
came
Will never come back to me.

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

I THOUGHT that Love was dead
And laid to rest
Upon his downy couch
Within my breast,
Slain by a quivering arrow
From the bow
Of one I thought I loved:—
I did not know
That Love, whom I thought dead,
Was but asleep,
And resting from his cares
In slumber deep—
Until you came and to him
Sleeping, spoke,
Then at your gentle bidding—
Love awoke.

MAY—EXPENSIVE MAY.

MAY usually meanders here
About the first of May,
And now a pretty time of year
Of May to sing a lay;
But the May I'm thinking of
(Tho' a much warmer member
Than any other May I've struck)
Didn't strike me 'till December.

May's the month of all the year
That poets love to sing of;
Month of all other months more dear
To them—and quite a string of
Poetry I could warble, too,
For naught to me is clearer,
That, dear as May may be to them,
Still May to me is *dearer*.

TO A KENTUCKY BELLE.

AS the gentle breeze of summer stirs
the leaves upon the trees,
And they seem to murmur in
complete content;
As wafted zephyrs softly play upon
aeolian strings
'Til they harmonize in sweet abandon-
ment—
So from the discords of my life angelic
music springs
And bears my weary soul aloft upon its
widespread wings—
'Tis just the softest touch on my heart's
responsive strings—
Of a breath from the blue grass of Ken-
tucky.

THE MAID AND THE MAN.

WHERE are you going, my pretty
maid?"
"I'm going a berrying, sir," she
said.

"Where do you berry, my pretty maid?"
"In the cemetery, you yap," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"It's none of your funeral, sir," she said.

TWO PAIRS OF EYES.

(With apology to James Whitcomb Riley.)

OH! two beautiful eyes of a sky-tinted blue,
Reflecting a soul, saintly pure,
shining through—
Two beautiful eyes that gleam out like
the sun,
Dispelling the gloom when the long
night is done—
Have shed their soft glow o'er my heart,
bleak and bare,
And scattered the shadows long linger-
ing there,
Up out of life's discords sweet sympho-
nies rise
As I stand in the light of two beautiful
eyes.

Oh! two glorious eyes, black—black as
the night,
As they darkly shine out 'neath a brow
snowy white.
Thro' languorous lids they have looked
into mine
And my senses are drugged in the
potion divine;
Drunk with their beauty I reel, slip and
fall,
And in' their dark depths sink my life,
love and all,
As, deaf to the warning that bids me
arise,
I swoon in the night of two glorious
eyes.

HER CROWNING GLORY.

GLORY! Glory! Glory!"
Chants the choir this Christmas
morn.
Glory! Glory! Glory!
On the whispering breeze is borne,
And I echo "Glory, glory,"
For I'm watching, during prayer,
The glorious glory tangled up
In Phyrne's Titian hair.

THAT OLD COAT SLEEVE OF MINE.

(A soliloquy on an old dress coat.)

THERE it hangs, alone, discarded,
An old dress coat of ancient cut;
Once it proudly graced a ballroom,
Now its mission's over; but
That sleeve—ah! as I watch it,
Self to fancy I resign,
And to memories that linger
'Round that old coat sleeve of mine.

I recall when first I wore it—
'Twas a dinner—just a score
Of gay old friends invited down
To meet Miss Boggs, of Baltimore.
I met her—took her into dinner—
(Violet eyes, petite, divine)
How her fingers seemed to nestle
In that old coat sleeve of mine.

We talked about the opera,
The latest ball, the atmosphere;
But her voice (I still can hear it)
Seemed like music in my ear.
Of that dinner I remember
Not the cuisine or the wine;
But the creamy silk that rustled
'Gainst that old coat sleeve of mine.

Like the foolish moth that hovers
'Round the candle's flickering light,
All unconscious of its danger,
So I lingered near that night;
Yes, I recollect I asked her
For a waltz—ah! 'twas divine,
As about her dainty waist
I put that old coat sleeve of mine.

One evening 'neath the spreading palms
We stood—in trembling accents I
Told her, told her that I loved her,
That my love would never die;
Would she be my wife? Then, in her
Eyes I saw my answer shine;
And a little brown head rested
On that old coat sleeve of mine.

AN IMPRESSION ON AN OLD COAT.

AH, old coat, your day is over,
Spiketails, we must say "adieu,"
I must hie me to some junk shop
On your folds to raise a few.
For my purse is lean and empty,
There's a dryness in my throat;
So on Poverty's grim altar
I must offer you—old coat.

Say, old coat, do you remember?
("Yes," you'd answer, could you
speak),
When against that shiny shoulder
Rested a rose-tinted cheek?
Ah, the mem'ry of those moments,
(Moments now somewhat remote),
And that cheek's soft pressure make it
Hard to part with you—old coat.

Yes, old coat, 'tis hard to sell you—
All my efforts are in vain;
Not an old-clothes-man will take you,
With that ancient grease paint stain.

IN THE FALL.

IN the fall the young man's fancy sadly
turns to thoughts of how
He's going to keep his little social
ball a-rolling now.
His summer girl's a hummer and he
wants to keep her—yet
His winter clothes are all in hock, he's
over ears in debt;
Oh! the loving cup of Cupid's full of
bitterness and gall,
For the summer man who loves his
summer sweetheart in the fall.

In the fall ice cream and soda will, alas,
no longer do;
It's up to ale and oysters, and perhaps a
Lobster, too.
There's theaters and concerts and cotil-
ions by the score,
With football games and candy and
chrysanthemums galore,
But, there's still some satisfaction in re-
memb'ring thro' it all
That Mother Eve put Adam up against
it in *the fall*.

LOVE'S INVENTORY.

SOME people for the "lucre" love
And seek to find a wife
Who possesses the "mazuma"
To support them all their life.
But 'tis not for the glittering gold
Nor for her worldly wealth
I love my love—for all I love
My love for is—herself.

Yet, when of the situation
I an inventory take
I can't deny the fact that I
Have captured quite a stake.
And, if you'll bear in mind what I've
Asserted just above,
I'll confess some of the reasons why
I love my love.

I love her for the diamonds—
That sparkle in her eyes
And make their slightest glance appear
A ray from Paradise.
I love her for her ivory—brow
And shoulders snowy white,
And for her silver—voice that echoes
In my ears to-night.

I love her for her pearls—the teeth
That gleam so bright at you,
And for the ruby—lips that, laughing,
Put the pearls on view;
I love her for her gold—en hair,
Her wealth—of sun-kissed curls;
But I love her most because she's worth
A million—other girls.

THE WINNER.

PLAYING cards with Charlotte,
'Neath the lamp's soft glow—
Thought that I would teach her
All she didn't know.
She was a beginner,
I a veteran old;
She declared she'd beat me—
Most absurdly bold.

Hands I held were good ones,
Hers were very poor—
That I'd beat her badly,
Felt serenely sure.
Alas, I was mistaken—
When the game was done
Somehow we held each other's hands
And Charlotte won.

OUR CASTLES IN SPAIN.

AHO! for our castles in Spain,
Sweetheart,
Aho! for our castles in Spain—
Tho' the days be dark and the nights
be long
And troubles troop by in an endless
throng
There is happiness still if you'll
harken my song.
Aho! for our castles in Spain.

Aho! for our castles in Spain,
Sweetheart,
Aho! for our castles in Spain.
The world is a wearisome round of
strife
Where sorrow is surging and sin is
rife,
So lets sail to the sunshine of love
and life—
Aho! for our castles in Spain.

Aho! for our castles in Spain,
Sweetheart,
Aho! for our castles in Spain.
I love you, darling, but never a gleam
Of hope I see of a joy supreme,
So away I'll sail on the wings of a
dream
Away to my castle in Spain.

Away to my castle in Spain,
Sweetheart,
Away to my castle in Spain,
For there in my kingdom my soul's
serene,
The skies are blue and the fields are
green;
I'm lord of it all, love, and you are
my queen—
Away in my castle in Spain.

ONLY A KISS.

TOGETHER they stand in the doorway,
Bidding each other goodby—
Lingered there in the gloaming,
The youth and the maiden shy.
His arm her fair form encircles,
Slightly upturned is her face,
And he does precisely the same thing
You would have done in his place.

Only a kiss in the twilight,
Only a tender caress—
Only one moment of rapture
As he folds her close to his breast.
But on his heart is engraven
That scene in figures of light—
To the end of his days he'll remember
The kiss he gave her that night.

Light on the stair falls a footstep,
Unheeded by youth or by maid;
And thro' the gloaming an optic
Upon the two lovers is laid—
They, never thinking that papa
Was getting dead onto all this—
Were happy, so happy together
As he on her lips pressed a kiss.

Only a kiss in the twilight,
Only a tender caress—
Only one moment of rapture;
What happened then you can guess.
On his trousers' seat is engraven
The spot where that "Trilby" did
light—
To the end of his life he'll remember
The kiss he gave her that night.

KISSES.

WIS that a kiss is
The acme of blisses;
And the Miss who dismisses
As "horrid" all kisses
Most truly remiss is—
The reason just this is—
There are kisses and—kisses.

AT DUQUESNE GARDEN.

AS I fasten Phryne's skate
Phryne sits serene, sedate;
While I kneel with lowly mien
Like a slave before a queen.

Past us speeds the merry throng—
Yet I linger over long;
But who would not hesitate
As they fasten Phryne's skate?

Tho' there on the ice I kneel,
Cold, somehow, I fail to feel;
But a glowing warmth as she
Glances shyly down at me.

And tho', swiftly in and out,
Skaters whirl and twirl about,
Circling gracefully around,
To the music's rhythmic sound,

Still I positively state
There is no one can gyrate
Like the wheels within my pate
As I fasten Phryne's skate.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME.

SOMEBODY loves me,
And I know who!
The darkling sky seems the bluest
blue,
The flowers seem gowned in a lovelier
hue
Since I've found out, and I know it's
true—
That somebody loves me—
And I know who.

Somebody loves me,
I won't tell who!
It wouldn't be the right thing to do—
I worried myself for a month or two,
She wouldn't tell me, so I won't tell
you—
But somebody loves me—
And I know who.

Somebody loves me,
And I know who!
Somebody's laughing eyes of blue
Let just the tiniest gleam slip through—
All by mistake, I think, don't you?
But somebody loves me—
And I know who.

A REFLECTION.

A WEE, winsome bit of a woman—
More fair than tongue hath told—
With eyes as blue as turquoise—
Brow bound with burnished gold.

Formed like the Captive Venus,
From her sun-kissed hair to her feet—
Lips like dew-dipped roses,
Perplexingly perfect—complete;

'Tis a picture, dear, of some one
With face and form divine
Who has come like a breath from
heaven

Into this heart of mine.

The original? You would see her,
You little inquisitive lass,
Who has captured this old bachelor?
Consult your looking glass.

THE LOST LOVE.

WHAT love of all loves is the
dearest
To the love-hungry, sad, hu-
man heart?
The sweet mother love, the sincerest?
Or the love that will never depart?

Or is it the love of our childhood?
Or the love of a lost summer's day—
The love we have wooed in the wild
wood?
Or the love that will live on for aye?

Nay! The love of all loves shining
clearest
In our world-weary souls, tempest
tossed—
The love that is nearest and dearest
Is the love that we love and have lost.

SOMETHING ABOUT HER.

THREE was something about her appealed to him—
Something mystical, hazy, dim
Seemed to her silken skirts to cling—
Some subtle, strange, untangible thing
From her rust-red hair to her ankles trim.

It may have been true or just a whim—
Seemingly she was most mild and prim—
But floating around on Rumor's wing—
There was something about her.

But he didn't care—in the social swim
Both reputations and waists are slim—
In the rose-hued realm where Folly's king
“A past” is a deucedly proper thing—
So, when she dreamily called him
“Jim”—
There was something about her.

THEN AND NOW.

HER wedding cards arrived to-day;
As I read the dainty lines
My fancy wanders backward and
In the distant gloaming finds
Us slowly strolling, hand in hand,
'Neath the greenwood's spreading
bough;
I the old, sweet story told—
The other fellow tells it now.

While I sit alone, to-night,
Confirmed old bachelor to the last,
Dreaming o'er the faded leaves
In the album of the past—
What is this? A tear-drop falling?
The sunshine of my life I thought
her—
I could shed a sea of tears—
For the luckless guy who got her.

WHEN SHE SAID "YES."

WHEN she said "yes,"
You do not know,
I'm sure you'd never guess
The girl I mean;
Yet of my heart that little "yes"
Made her the queen
And me her humble slave,
I must confess—
When she said "yes."

When she said "yes,"
'Twas like a rose
Within some wilderness,
Its fragrance pure
Exhaling everywhere—so "yes,"
From lips demure,
Diffused within my heart
True happiness—
When you said "yes."

TELL ME TRULY, TILLY.

TILLY is twenty years old to-day
(She told me herself, so I
know)—
Twenty short summers have passed
away
In the autumn's golden glow.
In the whispering breeze's murmurings
The news to the leaves is told,
And they laugh back in answer—
"Tilly is twenty years old."

Tilly is twenty years old to-day—
She told me herself—but I know
A thing or two about Tilly, old girl,
That the family records show.
"Born in '69, Matilda,"
They read in letters bold,
So if you believe for a minute
Tilly is twenty—you're sold.

HOW GOSSIP GOES.

THIRTY women, all told,
Were at Mrs. Van Talkem's tea,
Telling the trouble of every one
Who happened to absent be.

Said Mrs. I. Knowet to Mrs. Dotel,
"If you'll promise you'll never repeat
What I say, I'll tell you a secret—
A scandal that's simply a treat.

"Mrs. Soandso did such and such,
"Etcetera and so on, you know;
"I'm not sure it's true, and I've told
only you—
"Don't repeat it, dear. Well, I must
go."

So she went, and after she'd gone,
If you looked in you'd behold
Remaining at Mrs. Van Talkem's tea
Twenty-nine women—all told.

“Jes’ Dreamin’”

JES DREAMIN'.

JES dreamin'—
 'Thout a thought
 Of a lot of things I ought
 To get done;
But jes' 'low me to acquaint
 Y' with the bloomin' fac', I ain't
 Worryin' none.

People ask me what I 'spect
 To become,
An' I kind o' guess I'll be
 Jes' a bum;
Somehow I can't resurrect
 No excuse—
Jes' a habit like 'ith me—
 What's the use?

Jes' dreamin'
 All the time;
Life and work don't seem to rhyme
 Somehow 'ith me;
While the rest the world's a schemin'
 Lemme be—
 Jes dreamin'.

Dreamin' lemme live my day
(A little work, a little play),
An' 'nen lemme pass away—
 Jes' dreamin'.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

DID you ever stop to think, as you worry 'long Life's road,
What's the use o' all your growlin'
and a grumblin' at your load?
This here ain't such a awful world to live in, after all;
There's lots o' things to take the place o' bitterness and gall.
The sunshine 'ats a floatin' all around 'ud make you blink
If you'd only turn an' face it—
Did you ever stop to think?

The trouble is 'at people start to worry jes' a bit,
An' then before they know it they get kind o' used to it,
An' start to spread their cares around, ain't never satisfied;
If they've got no one 'ats dyin' they rake up the ones 'ats died.
They don't seem comfortable less 'ey stand on sorrow's brink
An' cuss the world an' worry—
Did you ever stop to think?

Did you ever stop to think the sun's a shinin' over all,
That this world's no sphere o' sorrow tho' it ain't no golden ball,
That it's full o' joy and gladness as a pansy bed with faces,
An' all you got to do is jes' to dodge the gloomy places;
Jes' hustle to be happy an' you'll find the missin' link
That's connectin' earth an' heaven—
Did you ever stop to think?

WHAT'S THE USE?

WHAT'S the use o' worryin'?
Let the world jog on;
Things 'at's comin's comin'.
Things 'at's gone is gone.

'Fore you was a peepin'
The earth was rollin' 'round
Jes' the way it will be
When ye're under ground.

What's the use o' worryin'?
It will come all right,
'Round you seems the darkest
When ye're in the light.

Take things as you find 'em,
An' jes be satisfied;
The man 'at wanted everything
Was wantin' when he died.

What's the use o' worryin'?
Be happy where ye're at;
Don't bother 'bout the future—
God's a-runnin' that.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

IT came with a horrible rumbling roar
In the deathly still of the night;
A crash and all was chaos—
And we saw through the blinding
light
The awful fear on each human face
Turned heavenward to implore
One minute's grace—a minute's space,
And all breathing life was o'er.

The mountains crumbled into the sea,
Whose waves surged higher, higher;
Till the earth was wrapped, from pole to
pole,
In a lurid lake of fire.
And the world, its little allotted course
In the mighty universe run,
A sizzling, seething ball of flame,
Dashed downward toward the sun.

And 'way out on another planet,
In the firmament, gleaming afar,
A little child cried: "Oh, mamma! look!
See the pretty shooting star."

DEATH'S HARVEST.

DEATH wound 'round his winding
sheet,
And smiled a sepulchral smile,
As broken bodies on mangled feet
Marched past him in endless file.

From the bright Before to the black Be-
yond,
As Death hummed funereal bars,
Marched ever onward the gory shades
From the tracks of the trolley cars.

THE OLD, OLD, DAYS.

THE old, old days,
The old, old days—
How far we have drifted adown the
stream
Of Life—where sorrows and troubles
teem,
And, oh! how dear in the distance
seem—
The old, old days.

I wonder, do you remember, too,
Back o'er the years that so swiftly flew,
Back to the hours of our childhood
plays
To the laughter and tears of the old,
old days?

Tears and laughter and laughter and
tears
Mingled, as now, in the bygone years,
But the laughter still in my memory
stays,
While the tears dried soon in the old,
old days.

The old, old days,
The old, old days,
The days we wished we were grown up
men,
But now we know we were happiest
then—
And oh! how we wish we could live
again
The old, old days.

**"WHAT'S THE USE O' ANY-
THING?—NOTHIN'!"**

WE'RE hustled into this weary
world
Without knowing why or how;
If any one asked us our consent
It's slipped our memory now;
But after we're here we have to work
And grumble and growl and sigh,
Just to be able to draw our breath—
Then all we can do is—Die.

Some strive onward with might and
main,
And finally reach the top;
But the struggle is really an awful
strain,
With a horrible distance to drop;
And after the battle is fought and won
And we stand on a pedestal high,
We may manage to stick 'till our sands
are run—
Then all we can do is—Die.

But what if we, somehow, can't strug-
gle up
And are left with the mass below—
Happy in getting our meat and sup,
And smile at the world's vain show?
What, after all, do we win, my boy,
When for laurels and wreath we try?
E'en gold and glory at last will cloy—
Then all we can do is—Die.

So give us something to eat and drink,
With a good soft place to sleep—
Some clothes to cover our nakedness,
And the wealth and the fame will
keep,
Just crown our cup with a woman's
love—
A love that no gold can buy—
And we'll live our day in our own little
way—
Then all we can do is—Die.

BUBBLES.

HOW oft when little children we
Would sit and watch in ecstasy
The shimmering, glistening skin
of soap
Filled full of wind—ah! childhood's
dope—
Bubbles.

And as thro' life we plod and strive,
"Dead lucky" that we're still alive,
That beacon light and anchor—Hope—
Becomes our substitute for soap
Bubbles.

But wind, when it has done its worst,
Can do but one thing—that's burst,
Bust or blow up—use your own term—
Life, Hope, Wealth, Power—and then
the Worm—
Bubbles.

THE LAST WORD.

"**I** AM dying, Egypt! Dying!"
But no poet's theme extols
Cleopatra's final finish—
Her soliloquy on souls:—

"As a Christian soul most orthodox
apologies I'll spare—
Historians have writ me down as slight-
ly—well—bizarre;—
But, as I'm now about to leave, be-
fore I go I'll state
Some of the souls upon this earth I
must confess I hate;—

"These little souls, anaemic souls, souls
that are down and out—
Puerile souls too cheap for Egypt's
queen to talk about,
Ingrain souls and crossgrain souls,
souls that are warped and split—
Souls that preach—but when it comes
to practice—aber nit!—
Self-centered souls, long-winded souls,
souls that are all puffed up—
Souls that inhabit anything from proud
Cæsar to a pup!"

Relieved of this the asp she grasped—
No wonder that it bit her—
And to the snake this sigh she gasped
As life and love both quit her:—

"I was an atom among a bunch
Of a billion or more, I guess,
And what, in the aeon of ages, Asp,
Is an atom more or less?
An atom is only an atom—
Yet e'en among atoms I ween
There are atoms and atoms and atoms—
But not every atom's a—Queen!"

MAN'S WANTS.

MAN wants but little here below,
And what he wants, I wot,
Is just a little more, you know,
Than the little that he's got.

And when he gets that little,
Why he wants a little yet,
And the little he yet wants is just
The little he can't get.

AN OLD COAL FIRE.

LET poets trill their trios about the olden days,
The dear old-fashioned people with the queer old-fashioned ways;
Let them warble of the blue with which our boyhood skies were cast
And all the other hazy, mazy pleasures of the past;
But listen to your Uncle while he tunes his little lyre
And sings a little sonnet of an
Old
Coal
Fire.

We remember all about "the coffee mother used to make,"
Our "happy days down on the farm" were great, and no mistake;
We keep in loving memory that same "ole swimmin' hole,"
And "attic window," into which the "sunshine" always stole.
But, just between ourselves, you know, the thing I most desire
Is to sit and poke the bubbles in an
Old
Coal
Fire.

These registers and heaters, with their steamin', steamin', steamin',
Are good enough for heating, but no use at all for dreamin';
It certainly would take a most exceptional discerner
To see "old-fashioned faces" in a "Sim's Asbestos Burner."
The "electro-plated yule log" doesn't, somehow, just inspire
Like the warm and mellow glowing of an
Old
Coal
Fire.

So away with all new-fangled apparatus to heat
That don't provide a good old-fashioned fender for the feet;
Give us back the happy days they sing about in songs
When our "Lares and Penates" were the poker and the tongs—
For while the meter's metin' and the gas bill's climbin' higher
I certainly do hanker for an

Old
Coal
Fire.

DID YOU?

DID you ever think through this
long, lean life,
Of the difference 'tween Theory
and Fact?
Of the wonderful theories we think over
night;
And the durn foolish way that we act?

LET US!

LET us lend and spend and give
away,
And die a pauper's death some
day (?)

Let us slave and save and pinch each
cent,
And who at last will care where we
went (?)

The rich man leaves all he was worth,
But the poor man leaves this bloomin'
earth—

And his personal assets—a smile and a
song—
As far as I know he takes them along.

PERHAPS.

(By the Cynic.)

KNOW thyself and love thy fellow-
men!
Thus shalt thou live thy full three
score and ten;
To be well—do well—then the cool
sweet sod
May yield to thee its secret of thy God.

THE OLD MILL POND.

SAY, fellers, do you recollect the place we used to skate?
The mill pond in the hollow where the "gang" would congregate
In the good, old-fashioned winter when the wind your ears would nip,
And we had a lot more winter and a whole lot less o' grippé?
Do you recollect the bonfire we would build upon the bank
And the row of red-cheeked girls a-sittin' gigglin' 'long a plank,
While we fellers strapped the skates upon their dainty little feet,
And a stolen glimpse of ankle made our happiness complete?
Between the past and present there's no clearer, dearer bond
Than the memory of evenings on that
Old
Mill
Pond.

This skatin' in a "Garden," 'neath the bright electric light—
With a band a-playin' ragtime, is the proper thing, all right;
But I ain't so much for skatin' 'round a circle "for the price,"
With an artificial female on your artificial ice,
As for the way we did it in the winters long ago,
When the trees spread out their queer, fantastic shadows on the snow.
There was a tiny, mittenend hand I used to slyly squeeze
As in unison we glided in the shadows of the trees—
The only light we needed was the old moon up beyond
Shinin' down and kind o' smilin' on that
Old
Mill
Pond.

PREDESTINATION.

THE little toy soldier stood on the shelf,
Talking away to his little tin self—
“Tho’ my coat’s red paint and my trousers new
I’m certainly feeling an indigo blue—
“To-day I’m worth money—but life’s no
joke—
The day after Christmas I’m bound to
‘go broke.’”

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART.

THERE’S Christmas in the faces of the people that we meet,
There’s Christmas in the toy-loaded windows on the street,
There’s Christmas in the laughter of the bundle-burdened throng,
As with a Christmas greeting they go hurrying along.

And if, perchance, your Christmas isn’t all that it should be
(With a home, of Yuletide youngsters making merry ‘round a tree);
If your Christmas gifts have somehow been sidetracked along the way,
And all you have’s the memory of a by-gone Christmas day;

Let your lips still sing the anthem, “Peace on earth, good will to men”—
Lift your soul above your sorrow—let yourself be borne again
On the spirit wings of Christmas from your dead ideals apart,
And your Christmas will be Christmas if there’s Christmas in the heart.

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH.

LET us live the length and breadth
of life,
And live it long and broad—
We were only pushed into this puerile
strife
By the will of a wilsome God;
And whether we're wrong or whether
we're right
No one but this God can tell;
While the sum of substance of all your
fright
Is a fable of heaven and hell.

So let us live in this limelight age—
In the lime light money's glare—
Let us live with only the fools to do
And only the fools to dare—
But whether we're dared or whether
we're done
In this crazily strenuous strife—
Let us each of us—all of us—every one
Love the length and the breadth of
life.

* * * * *

From the depths beneath to the heights
above—
The length and the breadth of life is—
Love.

SUFFICIENT.

SIT and tell yourself stories
As the day drifts into night;
Sit and tell yourself stories
And dream of things coming right.

If you are rudely awakened
(Your stories not what they seem)
And things come wrong—'stead of
right—
All right—you've had your dream.

“Aftermath”

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

A LONG a winding footpath,
Deep in a tangled glen,
I sometimes strolled in silence,
Far from the haunts of men.
'Til once, as dreamily musing
Beneath that sylvan bower,
Peeping pink from the faded leaves
I saw a fairy flower.

Slowly I stoop to pick it,
When lo! to my surprise
A wealth of heavenly beauty
Nestles before my eyes;
And thro' the silent forest
Its perfume soft and rare
Floats like a breath from heaven
Upon the fragrant air.

So along life's pathway
Often we blindly go,
Seeing only the faded leaves
And moss, and never know
Until we delve beneath them,
And there bursts upon the air
All the beauty and the fragrance
God has hidden there.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

THE soldier lies in the muddy bed
Of the trenches the whole night
long,
He hears the song of the speeding lead,
And knows there is death in the song.
He fights for the flag 'till his eyes grow
dim—
For his country he gives his life;
Yet our keenest sympathy's not for him,
But goes out to the soldier's wife.

Not for her is the battle cry
And the fierce red joy of the fight;
But lonely to lie with a smothered sigh
Thro' the long, still gloom of the
night.

Not for her is the onward charge
And the glory and glare of the strife;
But to watch and wait at a lonely gate
Is the task of the soldier's wife.

To watch and wait with a burning
brain—
With her love pent up in her breast;
While her nerves beat wildly a dull re-
frain
To her aching heart's unrest.
No flag floats gayly above her head;
She hears not the drum nor the fife;
She watches the sun in the West sink
red,
And sighs—does the soldier's wife.

So sing, if you will, of the soldier brave,
And the glorious deeds he has done;
Weep at the thought of a lonely grave
'Way out 'neath the setting sun;
But sadder far than that strip of sod
Is the sight of a broken life;
So stop and send up a prayer to God—
A prayer for the soldier's wife.

LOVE'S DWELLING.

HE married him for his title,
He married her for her gold;
'Twas a wedding of wealth and
fashion,
But Love stood out in the cold.

No family tree Love boasted,
No ducats nor jewels rare.
His attire would be most "outré"
'Mid the royal raiment there.

So out in the cold Love waited,
Out in the twilight dim—
While Mammon and Pedigree feasted
There was no room for Him.

They went to live in a palace,
With turrets towered above,
But tho' oft He knocked at the portal,
They were never "at home" to Love.

Other guests were welcomed—
Trooping in by the score.
They jostled each other on entering,
But brushed by Love at the door.

There was Envy, Hatred and Malice,
Who one by one went in,
Followed by jaundiced Jealousy,
Then softly by crept Sin.

But still Love patiently waited,
Thro' many a night and day,
Thinking to slip in somehow
When the stork would come that way.

But the stork was barred at the portal,
The butler "good form" stood there,
So seeing his last chance vanish,
Love gave up in despair.

Now near to the princely palace
There nestled a cabin poor;
And Love, grown weary a-waiting,
Softly knocked at that door.

Tho' only a lowly cottage,
'Twas home to a maiden fair,
Who smiled at the little stranger
And made Love welcome there.

Then came a youth a-courting
The flower of his heart's desire,
And Love and the youth and the maiden
Sat gathered about the fire.

The palace stands bleak and empty,
Its ruins rise bare and lone,
The bride and the bridegroom have
vanished
And gone—ask the winds that moan.

O'er all hangs an awful stillness;
The only sound heard there
Is the hollow fall of the footsteps
Of the erstwhile guests on the stair.

But over the door of the cottage
Great clusters of roses cling,
While ever amid the fragrance
The voices of children ring.

The palace stands bleak and empty,
Alone and in ruins, but
God's peace hangs over the hovel,
For Love dwells still in the hut.

THE SMILE OF A MOTHER.

THE smile of a mother!
Ah! world in thy search
For the "why" and the "what"—
thy creed or thy church;
Why not forever thy restlessness
smother—
In the smile of a mother?

The "why"?—it is there!
You know it as well
As your clergy-taught story of heaven
and hell.
The "what"?—is to be in the baby
that lies
At the breast of the mother—it's
sweet, sleepy eyes
May see far beyond—baby fingers un-
curled
Will point in the future the way of the
world—
Man's world; God himself points the
path to the other
In the smile of a mother.

COWARD JOE.

JOE was a coward! Yes;
Thar warn't no doubt o' that—
He was a scart' of his shadder,
An' many a time I've sat
An' watched the fellers a guying him
An' callin' him names, ye know.
An' he'd take it all like an innercent
lamb—
Fer there warn't no fight in Joe.

But ye can't always tell by appearance,
An' sometimes ye'll find in the end
'At looks is powerful deceivin'—
An' sometimes, I'll tell ye, friend,
Ye'll find 'at ther heart 'at's beatin'
In a so-called coward's breast
Is braver, an' stronger, an' truer
Than under the soldier's vest.

So, when yeller fever struck the town,
That fearful scourge o' man,
Spreadin' disease an' death in it's path
As it swept across the lan';
Brave men paled with awful fear
An' fled—leavin' children an' wives
'Neath the ghastly folds o' the yeller
flag—
Fled to the hills fer ther lives.

An' where in this hour of peril,
Where then was the "coward Joe?"
Did he forsake his darlin' wife?
Did he leave his babe? Ah! No!
He stood all night by a lonely cot,
Where a dyin' woman lay,
An' watched the life of his sweet young
wife
Ebb out at ther dawn o' day.

His babe soon foller'd its mother,
An' Joe was left alone;
But he stuck to his post, 'mid ther dyin'
and sick,
As if they 'ad all been his own;
An' when by the fearful plague
He, too, was stricken down,
He died with a smile upon his face—
He'd won a martyr's crown.

THAT OLD-FASHIONED WHISTLE.

IN his big easy rocker where mother
has left him,
Left him and softly tiptoed up to
bed,
The old man sits dozing and drowsily
dreaming—
Dreaming of years that have long
ago fled.
And as his thoughts wander back to his
childhood,
Back o'er the dim, hazy pathway of
years
A strain soft and low of an old-fash-
ioned measure
Is wafted by memory back to his ears.
'Tis just a few bars of most fantastic
music,
But his mouth puckers up in a sweet
smile of joy,
As back from the past comes that old-
fashioned whistle—
The whistle he whistled when he was
a boy.

He sees the old mill and the swimming
hole near it
Where at that whistle he'd slip on the
sly;
He remembers that tune, as it came
thro' the twilight,
To wake him at dawn on the Fourth
of July.
Now, drifting onward, he sees the old
maple
Shading the home of a long ago Love,
Where he would stop as he passed in the
moonlight—
(Stop 'neath a window half opened
above),
Then, tho' with heart in his mouth, he
would whistle,
And nothing on earth could his hap-
piness cloy,
As there came soft and low in the still-
ness his answer—
The whistle he whistled when he was
a boy.

The old man gets up from his big easy rocker,
A smile on his face and his eyes twinkling bright,
And as if bent on some dark depredation
Softly opens the door and goes out in the night;
Gently he slides 'round beneath mother's window,
Half open now, as it used to be then,
And in the moonlight his old face he puckers
And whistles that old-fashioned whistle again.
Now holding his breath the old man stops and listens—
Then his old figure shakes as he chuckles with joy,
As once more he hears the dear old-fashioned whistle,
The whistle she whistled when he was a boy.

TOYS.

(A Christmas Thought.)

CHIRSTMAS with its joys and toys
Was only meant for little boys—
Their's to wake on Christmas morn,
Hedless of the Christ-child born;
And with merry laugh and play
Greet the gladsome Christmas day.

But when sleep her wings has spread
Over each tired, tousled head—
Toys forgotten, broken, gone—
Only dreams until the dawn;
Then perhaps we *grown-ups* may
Give a thought to Christmas day.

What to us has Christmas been,
Man to man—here deep within?
Then the timely truth we read,
Hedless of the Christ-Man's creed—
We are only little boys,
Trading away each other's toys.

GONE!

WHERE are the names of yesterday?
'Mong the attic's treasures I
searched last night,
Bringing once more to the candle
light
Magazines, dusty and covered with
mould—
Some of them barely ten short years
old;
Yet in their pages stood many a name,
Illum'd by the calcium light of
fame—
Many a name that to-day's forgot—
In the press of the present we know
them not.

Where will be the names of to-day?
When a few short years have drifted
by?
A winter's cold, a summer's sky—
Some dozen drinks, some scanty meals,
While a tenth of a century past us
steals,
And when those next ten years roll
'round,
Where will the names of To-day be
found?
Yea, where will be the names of To-
day?
Gone—with names of yesterday.

A GRAVE.

DAK is the night—
The waves dash white,
Their feathery tops of foam;
When thro' the gloom
The huge sides loom
Of the Portland speeding home.

A sudden shock—
The wild winds mock
The pitiful cries to save.
A hand snow white
Gleams once in the night,
And the sea rolls on—a grave.

A LULLABY.

THE moon am a climbin' an' the stars am a shinin',
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye,
Youh daddy 's gone a huntin' foh a cotton tail buntin',
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.
He'll catch it, may be; so now go to sleep ma baby,
While you'h mammy puts the possum on to fry,
And when you wakes up, honey, you will hab a little bunny,
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.

REFRAIN.

Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye-bye,
Hush a-bye-bye, hush a-bye.
The southern sun's at rest, softly sleep on mammy's breast,
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye.

The tree-toad am a callin' an the shad-ows am a fallin'—
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush-a-bye.
The wind am softly sighin' and the sum-mer day is dyin'—
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.
The fairies am a standin' at the dream ship's little landin'
To sail with you away up in the sky—
'Mong the winky wunks to play all the night 'til break o' day,
Hush a-bye-bye-bye, hush a-bye.

REFRAIN.

Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye-bye,
Hush a-bye-bye, hush a-bye.
The southern sun's at rest, softly sleep on mammy's breast,
Hush a-bye, pickaninny, hush a-bye.

THE MESSENGER.

IN mortal illness he lay trembling there,
Noting with aching brain and dumb despair
The feeble fluttering of his fleeting breath;
Waiting the coming of grim-visaged Death.
An awful stillness filled the darkened room,
He felt Death's presence in the gathered gloom;
One moment of an agonizing fear—
A gasp—the dreaded messenger was near—
His time had come, he knew. He turned his head
In terror, and lo! there beside the bed
His angel mother stood—upon her face
A smile of heavenly peace—and from the place
She led him as a voice said "He is dead."

TO A PAIR OF GLAD EYES.

GLADYS GLADEYES, they have named you
With your open orbs of blue,
Gazing out in childish wonder
On the world—ah, sweet, that you
May forever see the sunshine
And may never know the woe,
That forever and forever
Stalks about the world below.

May your glad eyes ever glisten,
As they do to-day, my pet,
When you sail Life's sea of sorrow,
And thro' all, dear, may they yet
Ever look with joy of childhood
To the clouds' bright silver side—
Ever seeing but the sunlight,
Seeing life, love, glorified.

A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

AS we sit by the dying embers,
At the close of the dying year,
Dreaming of dead Decembers;
Hopes dead, but to memory dear;
From out the surrounding gloaming
A ghastly gathering comes
In time to a rhythmic moaning—
Like the beating of muffled drums;
And we sit and silently shudder
At the hideous retinue,
As slowly by file the spectral shades
Of "the things we were going to do."

Ye gods! will they never cease coming?
Out, out from that corner dim;
The score of our failures summing—
This army of phantoms grim?

* * * * *

Nay! not 'til the deeds of the future
Have buried the ghosts of the past,
And the sum of the years shall compute
your
Debt unto life at the last,
So let us be up and be doing,
At the dawn of the century new,
With a hopeful heart to accomplish a
part
Of "the things we are going to do."

THE MAN WITH THE LIGHT.

YOU ask, "Who was it in that brain
blew out
The light and left it as a darkened
cell?"
But what of him! The man within
whose brain
The light is burning like a blazing hell—
A gleaming searchlight on his inner
self—
Searing his soul—revealing unto him
The awful failure of a human life.
What of this man? Created by God's
grace—
Who cannot look his fellow in the face,
And knows that he has yet to face his
God?

GOODBY! GOODBY!

GOODBY!" "Goodby!"
A happy laugh,
The words flung to the wind
like chaff;
'Tis but a parting for a day,
With buoyant hearts and spirits gay—
A kiss, a wave, a happy cry—
"Goodby!" "Goodby!"

"Goodby!" "Goodby!"
In earnest tone—
One of the two is left alone,
The other out into the world
Is going forth, his flag unfurled,
The bitter fight of life to try—
"Goodby!" "Goodby!"

"Goodby!" "Goodby!"
The voice is low,
A human heart is wrung with woe;
Death's shadow falls across a cot—
The fight is o'er—the battle's fought—
The words come in a breaking sigh—
"Goodby!" "Goodby!"

LILIES 'ROUND THE CROSS.

LILIES twined 'round the cross—
The emblem of Easter morn—
The cross, Christ's death's insignia—
The lilies—of Christ new-born.
Typifying the triumph of life
And love over Calvary's loss,
The wakening world on Easter
Twines lilies around the cross.

In the wildering maze of life
Each has his cross to bear,
And yours may seem so heavy
That you'd fain sink down in despair;
But turn with a smile to the sunlight,
Away from your trouble or loss,
And singing, in spite of your sorrow,
Twine lilies around your cross.

“NON HODIE, SED SEMPER.”

(In Memoriam Henry B. Hyde.)

HE planted a seed by the wayside,
And planted his heart in the
seed;
And he waited and watched its growing,
And tended its every need.

The sprout sprang upward and flour-
ished,
'Till at last did the planter see
A mighty oak, where the seed was sown,
And his heart was the heart of the
tree.

Then the planter's task was finished;
The gaunt, grim reaper spoke:
Called his soul to his God—his clay to
the sod,
But his heart beats on in the oak.

THE THINGS I USED TO KNOW.

I KNOW a lot of things to-day I
didn't use to know;
I know the deadly currents of the
world's dread undertow;
I know life's bitter lessons—know
them all from A to Z—
Learned in life's school of sorrow—
school of sin and misery—
Oh! would that I could but forget the
great tide's ebb and flow
And learn again the long-forgotten
Things I used to know.

I used to know the valley where the
rarest violets grew—
The woodland where arbutus first peeped
shyly up to view;
I used to know a big hole where the
chubs were sure to bite,
The places 'long the old creek where
the bottom was all right—
Where Mrs. Catbird had her nest half
hidden in the brush;
The Bob-white's cheery whistle—the low
warble of the thrush;

I used to know the buds and birds, the
rocks and woods and trees—
The way to find the honey-hoarded
storehouse of the bees;
I used to know each sylvan nook, each
dainty flower that grew;
But sweeter, dearer far than all the
other things I knew
Was that no matter where about the
fields I chanced to roam
I knew my little Mother's face would
smile a welcome home.

I know a lot of things to-day I would I
never knew—
I know my little Mother's gone beyond
the heaven's blue—
I know the world, man's world, too
well—'twas God's world I knew
then,
God's world that I've forgotten—now
I know my fellowmen;
And oh! I would I could forget—forget
it all and go
Back to God's world and learn again
The things I used to know.

JUST A WORD.

A DAINTY rose, diffusing
It's perfume soft and rare,
Imbues with heaven's fragrance
The cold and empty air.

Just so a word of kindness
Will oftentimes impart
A gleam of heavenly happiness
To some sad empty heart.



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